

## BORROWED HUSBANDS

By  
MILDRED K. BARBOUR

## A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE.

You're wanted on the phone, Mrs. Burrard.

Nancy left her breakfast, with Peggy Lewis partaking generously of whipped cream and buttered toast, to answer the phone in the library.

She noted when she took the receiver from the maid's hand that this room was in the same disordered state as her sitting room. Apparently, the Hardings' guests of the night before had had free run of the apartment.

"This is Mrs. Stanley's maid," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Mrs. Stanley is very ill this morning. Can you come at once?"

"But how sorry I am!" cried Nancy. "What is the trouble?"

"The doctor is not sure yet. He wishes to speak to you."

A man's voice came slowly over the wire.

"Hello, Mrs. Burrard? Dr. Cameron speaking. She is not in good shape this morning. It looks like an operation, and the man to do this particular job is Langwell of Chicago. Fortunately, she tells me he is in town. Do you know where he is stopping?"

"Yes. With friends on Park avenue. I have his telephone number. Do you wish me to call him, or will you do it?"

"Perhaps you'd better, if you'd just as soon, Mrs. Burrard. I've never met Langwell, though I'm a mighty great admirer of his work. Do you think you can get hold of him pretty soon? I'll send my car around for him if he comes at once."

"Oh, doctor, surely it's not as urgent as that," cried Nancy anxiously. "Well, it's never a good policy to waste time. We only keep Mrs. Stanley in pain."

"I'll get Dr. Langwell immediately," Nancy promised. "I'll be over myself in fifteen minutes."

She signaled the operator and gave

the number Langwell had written on a card for her the day before.

A voice at the other end of the line informed her that Dr. Langwell had left an hour before, and that it was not known where he had gone. He left no word when he would return, other than that he would not be dining there.

"But wasn't he to perform an operation today?" insisted Nancy. "Don't you know at what hospital he would likely be?"

"I know nothing, madam," the bland voice assured her.

Nancy rang off in exasperation, and picking up the telephone hook, began to search its leaves hastily for the name of the trust company whose president was to be Langwell's patient. At the same time she was calling to Peggy Lewis to tell the maid to draw her bath and stand ready to assist her with a hasty toilet.

Peggy appeared in the doorway with her finger on her lips.

"Oh dear! Please don't awaken Dad Harding! He is such an old bear if he isn't allowed to get awake of his own accord."

"Really? How distressing! Nancy's tone was icy. "Do you realize that Connie Stanley is probably dying? I've got to go to her immediately."

"Connie Stanley?" echoed Peggy in amazement. "Impossible! She was all right last night. I talked to her over the phone after you'd left. Why she was going to have Mother and Dad Harding and me to luncheon today."

"How thoughtless of her to become ill!" murmured Nancy, taking down the receiver. "I've got to find Dr. Langwell."

"The great Dr. Langwell?" asked Peggy in awestruck tones. "I know a girl who is crazy about him."

"They all are," muttered Nancy. "Let's pray for Connie's sake, that he is as good a surgeon as he is a ladies' man."

## LITTLE BENNY

By LEE PAPE

Me and Puds Simkins was both talking to Mary Watkins, Puds telling her compliments so she would think he was grateful. Mary Watkins, I bet you're the smartest girl in school, I bet you're smarter than all the other girls put together. I bet.

To I don't know, said Mary Watkins making a modest face.

Me thinking, Darn that boy, he's just trying to make a hit, that's all he's doing. And Puds said, Sure you are, Mary, every time the teacher asks a hard question you're the only one can answer it, you certainly are smart.

To I'm not so smart, the others are so dumb, that's all, said Mary Watkins.

Me thinking, Aw, how's that dumb guy know who's smart and who ain't? And Puds said, Well, G. Mary, didn't I hear your teacher tell our teacher that you get the best reports in the class? Sure I did, hohoy, smooaks, you're so smart it's a wonder you have to go to school at all.

O I don't know, said Mary Watkins with a expression as if she didn't hardly believe it herself. Me thinking, G. that guy thinks he's grate, he wouldn't lower myself talking that way. G. I wish I could think of something to make up to tell her.

With just then I did, saying, Mary, do you know something, I heard somebody talking about you and they said you looked just like Mary Pickens in the moving pictures and I think you do too.

O Benny, do you really, O Benny that perfectly wonderful, said Mary Watkins looking as if she believed it exactly. And Puds said, Aw, he just made that up.

Puds Simkins, you just keep quiet, I don't speak to you, said Mary Watkins. And she called Puds a knave, as if she thought I was much greater than what Puds was.

Proving it don't matter if a compliment is true or not as long as the person is glad to hear it.

## WALT MASON

Soon the winter will be gone from the haunts of freezing men, and the grass upon the lawn will be turning green again. Verdure soon will run amuck, and we'll hear the quacking duck, and the earnest, thoughtful cluck of the busy setting hen. Oh, the wintry tempest blows, and it howls along the street, there is ice upon my nose and my ears are full of sleep. The worst of winter is, and we'll soon be telling friends that we're weary of the heat. Oh, the winter isn't nice, when it blusters to and fro, and my shoes are full of ice and my hat is full of snow; but I try to dance and sing and be happy as a king for I have a hunch that spring pretty soon her goods will show. And she has the finest line that a man could wish to see, singing birds on every vine, and a humming humble bee, sweet fragrance in the air, and a rosebud here and there, golden sunshine everywhere, and a flower bedded sea.

Koughhouse Walt says a while, filling us with discontent, heaping in a crazy pile snow that isn't worth a cent, but he soon is out of sight, then comes spring, a bride in white, bringing comfort and delight to the breast of every gent.

(Copyright, 1922, George Matthew Adams.)

Just when the bunny heard a noise in the hall and without turning around he called:

"Come and have a dance Nurse Jane!"

"Huh! I'm not Nurse Jane," growled a savage voice, and there stood the Fuzzy Fox.

"Oh! Oh, dear!" sighed Uncle Wiggly. "What are you here for?"

Your car, said the bunny. But to whom were you talking as I came in—before you called me Nurse Jane?"

"I was talking to myself," answered Uncle Wiggly.

"Nonsense! As if I believe that!" sneered the Fuzzy Fox. "Somebody was here playing music for you to dance and you were talking to who?"

To me, said the bunny. But I am so hungry I want extra ears to nibble this morning. Who is here?"

"Truly I was talking to myself," said the bunny. "As for the music, it came from here," and he pointed to the phonograph, which he had shut off as soon as he heard the noise in the hall.

"Huh! As if I believe that!" sneered the Fox. "Why that only a box! A box can't play music!"

"Here, I'll show you what that box can do," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, thinking perhaps soft gentle music would make the Fox more kind. And not knowing what he was doing, the bunny put on one of the new records Nurse Jane had bought—a record he had never played.

There was a scratchy-scratchy sound, a whirling of the motor as the phonograph started and then, all at once, from the phonograph box came a loud, clear voice.

"I am a Pirate bold, I am! I sail the raging sea, I'm not afraid of man or maid, But they're all afraid of me!"

Oh ho! Yo ho! For shiver my timbers, I live on hot clinders! I'll toss you to Flinders! Yo ho! Yo ho!"

"Oh me! Oh my!" howled the Fox. "There's a pirate in that box! I knew you couldn't be talking to yourself! You have a pirate in that box and I'm afraid of pirates! Oh, I'm going!" and away ran the Fox.

"Hat! Hat!" laughed Uncle Wiggly, as he took off the Pirate Song record and put on another dance tune. The phonograph voice fooled the Fox, as the telephone voice fooled the Wolf!

Ha! Ha! The bunny played some jolly tunes, and if the red mittens don't catch cold when they hug the snow man and tickle him in the ribs, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Baby Tabby.

## The STEP on the STAIRS

by  
ISABEL  
OSTRANDER

(Continued from Our Last Issue.)

## CHAPTER IX.

Sergeant Barry waited until the racking, tearful sobs had ceased and then he asked quietly: "What had Miriam Vane to do with your wife, Mr. Griswold?"

Griswold raised his head and the detective had the shock of his career. He had thought that the mention of the dog's foolish pet name had recalled the man's dead wife, and that it was genuine grief which had opened the crusty financier's long-closed heart, whatever his relation to the other woman and his share in the mystery. But it was not resurrected sorrow which met his amazed eyes; Griswold's thin, acidulous face had been transformed into that of an exultant fiend and personal fear seemed to be wholly forgotten in the surrender of the hold which he had held over himself.

"Miriam Vane!" The repetition of the name came with a raucous laugh. "Miriam Vane was my wife, my lawful wife to the hour of her death, and she was never married to any other man. I have never had an opportunity to free myself from her, at least without the notoriety that she knew I could not afford. It took some cleverness then, she was less cautious than I, to fire that shot last night and because of it I owe a debt of gratitude which even my money can never repay."

Despite the astounding revelation Barry did not allow his expression to change, and his tones were suavely persuasive as he suggested:

"Suppose you tell me the whole story, Mr. Griswold. Our knowledge of the truth may enable us to prevent the notoriety you wish to avoid. How long were you married to the woman who called herself Miriam Vane?"

"For twenty years, ever since she was a girl of sixteen and I a law student of twenty-two down in a little town called Springfield, in Delaware. I've given out these many years that I was a widower because of the disgrace of the whole affair, but it is evident that the truth must be known now and you'd find it out sooner or later."

"Six years our marriage lasted—six years that brought disillusionment to me in spite of her beauty."

"She was twenty-two in the full tide of her devilish fascination and knowledge of how to use it when I accepted a clerkship in Cleveland with the law firm of Venner & Scully?"

"He broke off to add:

"Venner had a son, a good-looking weakling with a delicate wife who never gave me any trouble. I was a clerk, anyway, but the minute he laid eyes on Miriam it was all up with him. He paused again and his bony hands clenched. Barry ventured:

"Do you mean that she broke up their home and yours?"

"I mean that they ran away together and his sickly wife went mad! She died in a sanitarium within a year."

"But why didn't you divorce her, Mr. Griswold?" asked Barry.

"The other groaned.

"Because I thought she was out of my life forever. I thought she would drift the way of all such women if the opportunity to rehabilitate herself by marriage with another infatuated fool came along."

"He and she were in some out-of-the-way hole in the south, leading a cat-and-dog's life, when somehow he learned of his wife's madness and death, and in remorse he blew his brains out!"

So that was the explanation of the empty cartridge shell treasured all these years like the symbol of a ghost that could not be laid to rest. Barry whistled softly and there a sudden question came to his mind.

"Mr. Griswold, you told me a while ago that you were a lawyer. Is it true to give you an opportunity to tell yourself legally without notoriety which you could not afford. Surely your elopement with young Venner provided you with a convenient excuse."

Griswold rose and commenced to pace the floor. "When Venner slipped through her fingers she remembered that she still had a legal hold on me, and she calculated my shrewdness came to her aid. When she found me—I was lying ill with typhoid in a Chicago hotel. Men do strange things in delirium and I must have babbled her name and confessed."

Some fool specialist thought her presence would pull me through the crisis."

"When I awoke to consciousness she was in full control and I was too weak to do anything. In the eyes of the law I had condoned her offense."

The sergeant nodded and Griswold resumed:

"It was sheer blackmail. I met her terms; a quarterly allowance, a condition that she change her name and leave the country."

He halted in his restless pacing and when he spoke again his tone used to face avowed from the start.

"Last October the janitor brought a note up to me, and I found that she had had the impudence not only to break our agreement but to return to America—but, but, actually domiciled herself beneath the same roof and insisted that it was I who had first broken our agreement by stopping her allowance, and I must come down to her at once for a personal interview."

"I went and then began a series of persecutions which did not cease until last night. She demanded an outrageous income but forced me to call upon her at regular intervals, on pain of announcing herself as my wife and raking up that whole wretched scandal I had so carefully lived down."

I thought when that young fool Gordon Ladd appeared on the scene it might make a difference but she was too infernally clever. Yesterday she demanded a further increase in her allowance and it was the last straw."

"Early in the evening I went down to tell her that I had reached the end and would no more but she defied me laughingly. I left her in a rage and as I ascended the stair to my own apartments here I distinctly saw young Ladd mounting from his underground, secret, I am not trying to cast suspicion on him. I am merely giving you facts and if she has played fast and loose with him, many other and more reckless men than he appears to be have lost their heads over her in Europe, as my foreign agents have kept me informed, since that old Venner affair in Cleveland."

"Hm!" Barry exclaimed thoughtfully. "Speaking of that case, Mr. Griswold, did that misguided young man have any relatives except his father?"

"No. When old Venner died about five years ago he left all his money to his law partner, Scully."

"And young Mr. Venner, the one who died insane, who were her people? What was her maiden name?"

"I don't know. She had met young Venner while visiting some school friend, but on that point my memory

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and of Purest Qualityyet the price of this milk is no higher  
than other standard brands

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## THE BORDEN COMPANY

Borden Building New York

Makers also of Borden's Eagle Brand Milk, Borden's Malted Milk and Borden's Confectionery



referring to my father, Daniel Scully, but he gave up active practice some five years ago. I took his place—

"There are some things from which a man cannot retire," Barry interrupted. "I come well recommended—by the district attorney of New York City."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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## Mary's Kitchen

## SUNDAY NIGHT

Often it is a question as to just what to serve when you are having a few people in for Sunday night supper. Everybody likes a change. Try this hot dish instead of cold sliced meat. It goes especially well on a chilly evening.

## CREAMED HAM AND RICE ON

One-half cup Rice, 1-4 pound American dairy cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1-2 cups milk, 1-2 cups chopped ham, triangles of toast.

Wash rice through several waters. Drain and add slowly to rapidly boiling water. Allow 4 cups boiling water to 1-2 cup rice. Boil twenty minutes. Drain through colander. Pour boiling water over rice and let drip.

Put in a covered pan with 1 teaspoon melted butter and let stand in a rather cool oven for 5 or ten minutes. This makes each kernel of rice dry and fluffy.

For the sauce melt butter in sauce pan, stir in flour and when perfectly smooth, add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cut cheese in small pieces and add to white sauce, stir over fire until the cheese is melted. Season with salt, according to the saltiness of the ham.

Cut bread about 1-4 inch thick and trim off crust. Toast quickly. Arrange on a hot platter. Put a layer of meat on toast, add a layer of rice and pour the sauce over the whole. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley.

This rule is planned to serve four persons.

Oysters lend themselves admirably to hot dishes. Panned oysters with lemon butter is a bit different and quick to prepare.

## PANNE OYSTERS WITH LEMON BUTTER

Four tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, paprika.

Work butter until creamy with a fork. Add salt, creaming all the time, and slowly add lemon juice. Do not melt butter to cream it. The lemon must be added slowly to prevent curdling and each drop must be thoroughly worked into the butter. Serve the lemon butter in a mayonnaise dish, allowing each person to help himself.

This oyster dish is lighter than the rice combination and may require hot rolls and butter served with jelly or preserves.

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## WASHING TILES

Use as little water as possible when washing tiled floors. If water stands between the tiles it will loosen them. After washing the tiles should be gone over with a cloth wrung out of skimmed milk. Once a month they should be rubbed over with boiled linseed oil.

## FRINGE

Chenille fringe, all of two feet long, is used on the collars of some of the new evening wraps. So heavily does the fringe hang that it quite conceals the materials of the garment under it.

## CLEANING RUGS

India grass rugs can be cleaned by scrubbing with boiling water in which a handful of bran and a tablespoon of soap powder have been dissolved. Rinse the rugs in clean water and hang them in fresh air to dry.

## JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE SNOW SHOVELER. In the good old days of the long ago I'd shout with glee at the sight of snow.

I'd hot my porridge and hustle out to the various neighbors round about. Then timidly tap on each door and say: "Do you want me to shovel the snow away?"

I was a shoveler! Bitch and strong! I could shovel at snow drifts all day long.

I could toss it far and toss it wide. And bank it nicely on either side. And heap it high by the old back fence. And all that I charged was fifteen cents.

I'd shovel a path to the garden gate. And I'd make it wide and I'd make it straight.

I'd clear the walk and the porch too. As well as ever a man could do. And then if the job didn't take much I'd ask them only to pay a dime!

But the years are long since I shoveled snow. For the kindly folks that I used to know.

And I have lived in the marts of trade. Where the money's lost and the money's made.

But never has silver worn the glow of those times I got for shoveling snow. (Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest.)

## IF YOU ARE WELL BRED

You will always have clean towels handy in the washroom, when guests are at your home—